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VOL. III.

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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE graveyard at Sedalia, Mo., contains the remains of 191 members of the Higgins family.—*Courier-Journal*. Among them, we presume, is the last of the Mo. Higgins, as it were.

"I SOMEHOW wish I were a dog show. I could catch the public."—*Blaine*.

MR. RUGG, the colored gentleman who figured prominently in several recent Long Island tragedies, and who is under an engagement with the Sheriff to appear shortly at a necktie party, says he trusts in God and hopes to get a new trial. At the same time, two artists visited him and made a plaster cast of his head for exhibition. This leaves room for doubts whether true greatness is a gift or an achievement.

"I HEAR that at a recent fair, the most popular dude received 284 votes, and got a nice gold-headed cane. I do not want a cane; but, in regard to those votes, I would like to know how I can become a popular dude."—*S. J. T.*

ARE the consumers, the great mass of the people, of no account? inquires our esteemed contemporary, *The Boston Transcript*. Of course they are, man, certainly. And, Lord bless you, if they were not, where would the gas companies get their money from?

THAT popular Southwestern substitute for fox-hunting, called "niggering," had so strong a hold on a select company of Kentucky gentlemen that they recently hanged a negro lad who had stolen \$150. It is not our desire to wave the bloody shirt and claim this as a political burst, but only as a generous effusion of that playful Kentucky spirit which will not down. Mr. Watterson recently, in two columns of the *Courier-Journal*, called for "civilization—give us civilization!" It seemed at the time—Mr. Watterson was writing from our effete capital—that he had his eye upon the national menagerie, but this late Kentucky incident brings the prayer a little nearer his home.

NEW ORLEANS is proud and happy over her million dollars given by Congress for her Cotton Exposition. She now proposes to brace up and do big things, beginning with a fair so large as to require a roof of 10,000,000 square feet to cover it. This is very nice. For 20 years this capital of the South has been sitting with folded hands, talking about the glorious days "befo' de wah," and—doing nothing. She has had her fill of Creole pride.

IT is said that the late Charles Reade once declared that he had studied American humor and had found nothing in it. Many Americans would like to study English humor—but where?

A NOTHER heiress-coachman elopement. Some girls do have to be driven into love.

AT the Windsor.
"You're a liar!"

Whack!

[No further particulars up to the hour of going to press.]

POLITICS are booming again. That is to say, Secretary Lincoln and General Sheridan are going fishing.

AS a sort of post-lenten expiation, Boston is indulging in a baby show. It was proposed to make the editors-in-chief of the Boston papers umpires, but an important engagement called every blessed one of them to Canada, and the managers of the show had to fall back on the toughest deacons that the Back Bay could furnish.

THE *Cleveland Leader* is in ashes because the Cincinnati papers gave three columns to an account of a hanging and only forty-seven lines to a review of a great music festival. "This," says the *Leader*, naïvely, "is the tendency of modern art."

MR. EATON, in his recent great speech on the tariff, inquired generally, "Where shall I go?" And now 940 editors all over the country want to tell Mr. EATON, only it would n't look well in type, do n't you see.

THE mystery surrounding the embassy from Siam and the reticence of Mr. BARNUM are coincidences which may mean something. It begins to look dark for the White Elephant.

"THE *Sun* reports an iceberg three miles long was seen off the coast of Newfoundland. There! I knew I would be beaten some day."—*C. F. Adams*.



AT THE NINETY-NINTH CENTURY CLUB,

AN ASSOCIATION TENDING TO THE MORE COMPLETE FUSION OF FASHION WITH INTELLECT.

Miss Blowsenbury (admiringly): Oh! is this the Mr. NORRIDGEWOOD?

Mr. Norridgewood, whose setter has taken a prize at the recent Dog Show, and who drives a dog cart (modestly): WELL, A—AH—A—YES!

(Disgust of the real the Mr. Norridgewood standing near by, who has written a book on Suppositious Generalities in their Bearing on Hypothetical Relativities" and expects to address the Club at the next meeting.)

TO A VASSAR GRADUATE.

LITTLE Bas-bleu, do n't blow your horn;
You can't make a pudding, I dare to be sworn.
It's not for a housewife—so to speak—
To flunk at dinner through reading Greek.

GRAMERCY, and marry come up! Why should
an aged and unwedded Sage seek to become a
Presidential candidate?

HIGH art—The labors of the hanging committee,

WAITING HIS CUE.

IN her flossy hair a sparkling jewel
Shone like a star in the evening mist ;
A rosebud her needle had wrought in crewel
As I watched the play of her gleaming wrist ;
And the pout of her lip, as a flower uncloses
Its petals when moist with the morning dew,
Was sweet as the blush of a blooming rose is,
If sweeter rose in her garden grew.

The poise of her head, as her snow-white fingers
Bent o'er the buds with a loving care,
In my memory now in a day-dream lingers.
O the light of her eyes in the gaslight's glare !
Gardez bien, the eyes to my heart had spoken.
I hung in her web like a blundering fly ;
But her lips were mute, and no light love's token
Escaped in a word, or a look, or sigh.

The hour grew late ; must not love grow bolder ?
" 'T is leap-year," I whispered ; her love-lit eyes
Met my own, and her head nestled nearer my shoulder ;
She looked at me now in a coy surprise.
" 'T is leap-year," I said, "and the maiden proposes."
I waited my cue without fear or dread ;
O her cheeks were as dimpled and red as her roses !
" I love you ! I love you ! " was all she said.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THE Lost Cord.—A rope dancer missing his tip.

MATRIMONIAL Bureau.—A match factory.



Said Hendricks in terror : " I FIND
MY SUPPORT NOT AT ALL TO MY MIND.
TO THE WHITE HOUSE I'D STEER,
BUT I'D RATHER, MY DEAR,
BE SITTING BEFORE THAN BEHIND."

GUANO BLAINE.

THE following observations concerning a certain "statesman" we reprint from the *New York Weekly Herald*. There is much truth in little space, and a suspicion may steal over the reader that the author of the article has not that confidence which many politicians would like to see.

During all these years Senator Edmunds has been the terror of that whole gang of jobbers with whom Mr. Blaine, during his own six years service as Speaker, held such intimate relations that at the close of his last term he did not even reject or resent the public gift, from the "King of the Lobby" (or "Rex Vestibuli," as the title was shrouded in hog-Latin), of a silver cup presented in the presence of the whole Republican House of Representatives. We venture to say that no speaker of a legislative body in this or any other country ever before smilingly received under such circumstances what to a man of only a common sense of decency would have seemed a most bitter and galling insult.

But Mr. Blaine's career had blunted his susceptibilities. In his explanation of the notorious Mulligan letters he admitted that his first experience in Washington was, before he was elected to Congress, as a lobbyist (or "agent" as he shrinkingly preferred to say) for a rifle company whose arms he got accepted by Mr. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War. That was in 1862. In the same year he was elected to Congress. In 1869 he became Speaker, and in that year he wrote to Mr. Warren Fisher : "Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. * * * I do not feel that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise." In 1875, at the close of six years in the Speaker's chair, he received the lobby's acknowledgments, as above mentioned, in a silver cup which bore the following inscription :

JACOBO G. BLAINE.

Personæ populi, gerentium moderatoriter
designato, virtutis, sapientiæque experte
viro, D.D.D.

S. W. Vestibuli Rex.

CALENDIS MARTII IV., 1875.

And a few days afterward His Majesty S. W., "Vestibuli Rex," or "King of the Lobby," referring to his services in the Speaker's chair, remarked of him approvingly, "Our subject, Blaine, is a live man, and has shown himself a true one."

Here are the beginning, the middle, and the close of Mr. Blaine's Congressional career as public history, as his own letters and admissions exhibit them.

From a man like Mr. Edmunds Mr. Blaine knows that he has nothing to hope. There will be no jobbery if Mr. Edmunds is elected President ; there will be no room for Shepherd and Peruvian Company intrigues in the State Department with Mr. Edmunds in the White House.

ON the down grade—Feathers.

A LEGAL *billet doux*—A writ of attachment.

RHYME STRUCK.

MY friend was a pleasant fellow once
And smart, as the species run,
Until he thought he could write in verse
And tried, as he said, for fun.

He wrote some lines with an easy rhyme,
Like these that I write for you ;
And sent them forth to the great Mogul,
Who snubs whom the Muses woo.

The printed lines with his name attached,
Was more than his mind could stand ;
He raves all day of Polhymnia now,
And thinks he's a German band !

W. J. D.

WE wish to correct a somewhat erroneous statement that seems to have found its way into the columns of several of our contemporaries. Mr. Carleton's retirement from the literary editorship of LIFE is, we are happy to say, but a partial withdrawal, as his contributions, which have done much toward our success, will continue as heretofore. Other work of great moment, of which the public will hear anon, demands so much of his time that he feels this step a duty to himself and to the labors he has undertaken.

The invaluable services Mr. Carleton has rendered this journal are too well known to need any eulogy from us.

PATIENT waiters—Young doctors.

AN al(l)manac(t)—A stag party.

WHERE ARE WE ?

THE attitude of political parties and of the partisan press, to say the least, is peculiar. The *Sun*, the *World* and their followers are vigorously denouncing any agitation of the tariff question, and warning the Democracy of certain defeat unless that subject is ignored. The *Times*, the *Post*, and such Republican journals declare that the people demand a reduction of the tariff duties and of the revenue, and caution Republicans against disregarding the public demand. Conventions adopt Protectionist platforms and elect Free Trade delegates or elect Protection delegates and adopt Free Trade platforms. It seems that being a Democrat or Republican is no test of a man's views on these questions. It may be safely argued that both parties will try to frame national platforms which mean anything or nothing, except to mislead the people and catch votes. The issues will not be clearly drawn upon any questions of political economy or public policy. Under such circumstances great importance will attach to the personal character and fitness of the respective candidates. Let the Chicago conventions both remember this, and present clean, intelligent, experienced and high-minded statesmen, and it may not make much difference which is elected. As the Republican convention is to be held first, it must exercise great caution, or the Democrats will have an opportunity which they will not be likely to fail to improve.



A POET WHO HAS LOST HER SONG-VOICE.

AN entertaining, though not discriminating biography of Emily Brontë, which A. Mary F. Robinson gave to the public a few months ago, showed a degree of literary skill and taste which should have prevented her publishing such prosy and inartistic verses as appear in "The New Arcadia and Other Poems." In striving to teach poetical simplicity, she has frequently been compelled to stop at rhymed silliness, of which the following is an eloquent example :

" Within the boat she took her stand ;
He followed her unquestioningly.
Got in, sat down, at her command.
She pushed the boat off from the land,
And with the current sought the sea."

After attempting to read a hundred or more pages of equally entrancing doggerel, it is with delight and profound thankfulness that one reads in the Epilogue :

" I have lost my song-voice ;
My heyday 's over.
No more I tell my cares and joys,
But keep them under cover."

It is to be hoped that the "cover" is fire and burglar-proof, with a patent safe-lock, of which the combination is irrevocably lost.

* * *

IN "Public Life in England," a most graphic and entertaining description is given, by a Frenchman, Philippe Daryl (who spent ten years in that country), of the British literature, journalism, theatre and instruments of government at the present day. The book is not satirical, like "John Bull and his Island," though it is critical and frequently witty. It contains just those facts which every well-informed man probably knows if he lives in England, and ought to know if he does not.

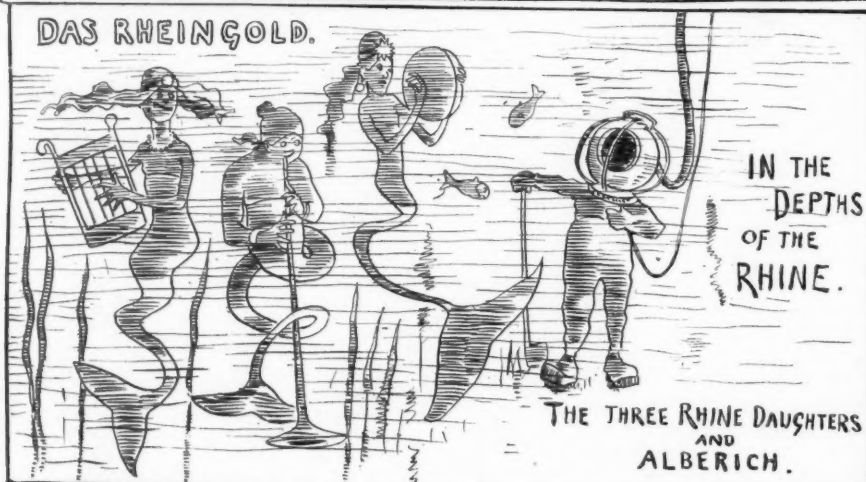
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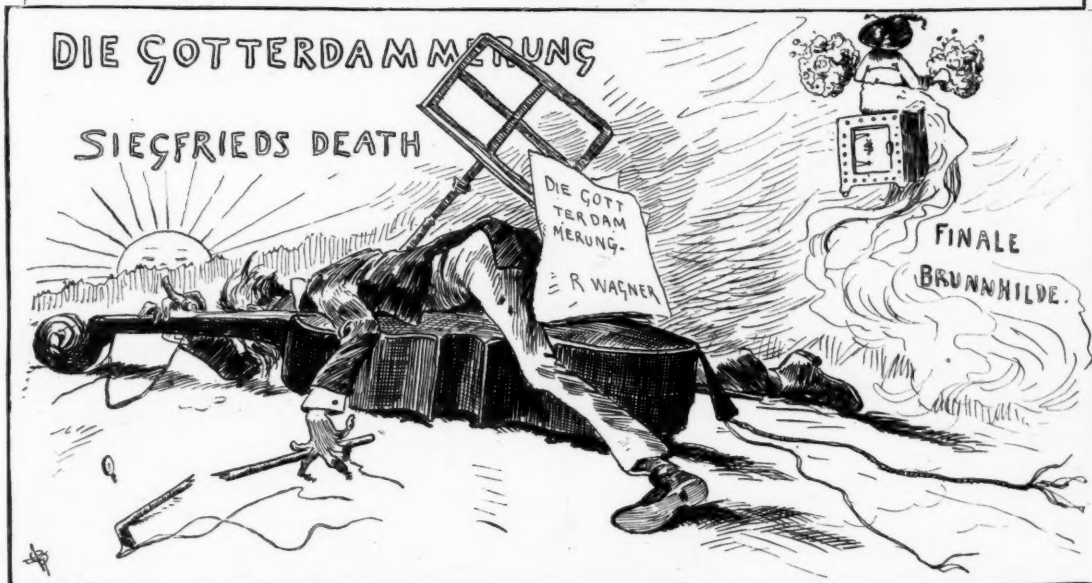
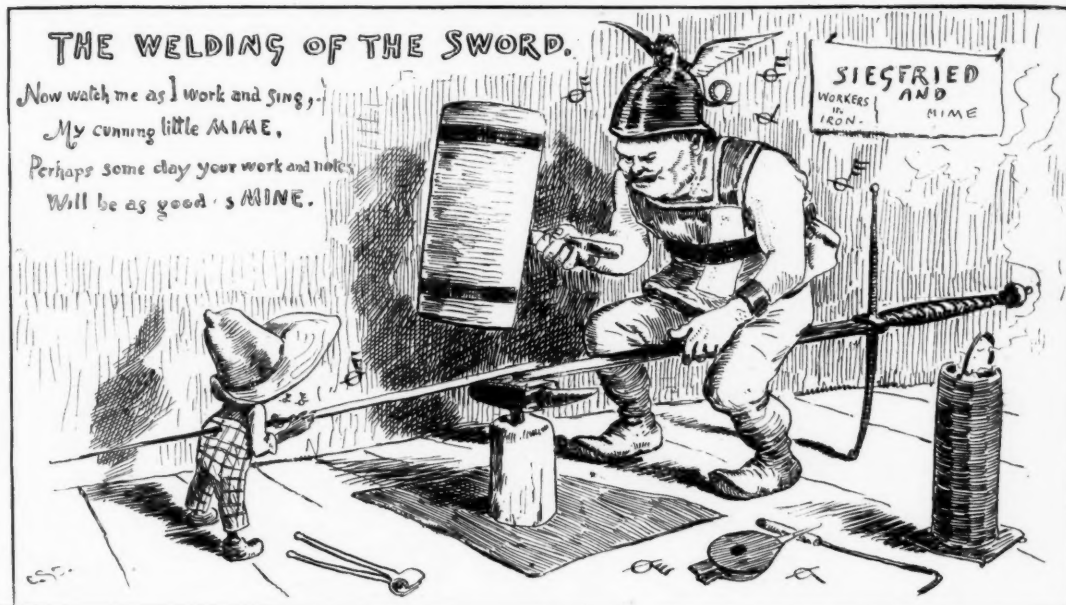
SCRIBNER'S have published a third volume of their "Stories by American Authors," and the selection has been as wise as in the previous books. Fitz James O'Brien's "Spider's Eye," Mrs. Burnett's "Story of the Latin Quarter," G. P. Lathrop's "Two Purse Companions," and Brander Matthews's "Venetian Glass," are features of the collection.—The anonymous novel "Trajan," begun in the May *Manhattan*, has attracted the praise of a Boston critic. It is ascribed to a Philadelphia journalist.—P. Marion Crawford's "Roman Singer," and Edgar Fawcett's "Tinkling Cymbals," both magazine serials, are soon to appear in book form.

DROCH.

* * *

DELICACY forbids our saying too much about it, but "The Thompson Street Poker Club" was published less than a week ago, and the first edition of two thousand is already exhausted.



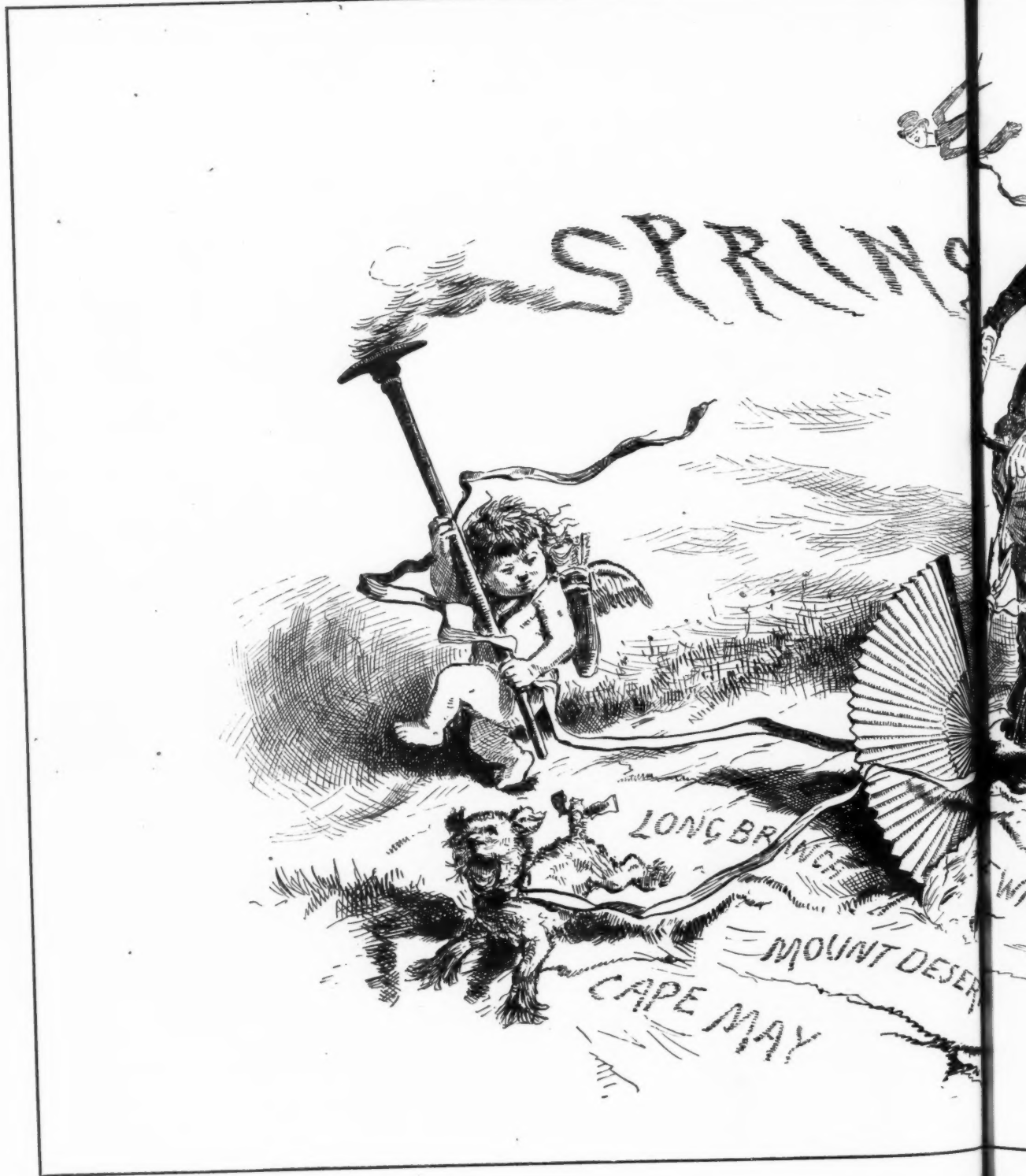


ADVICE TO THE NATIVES.

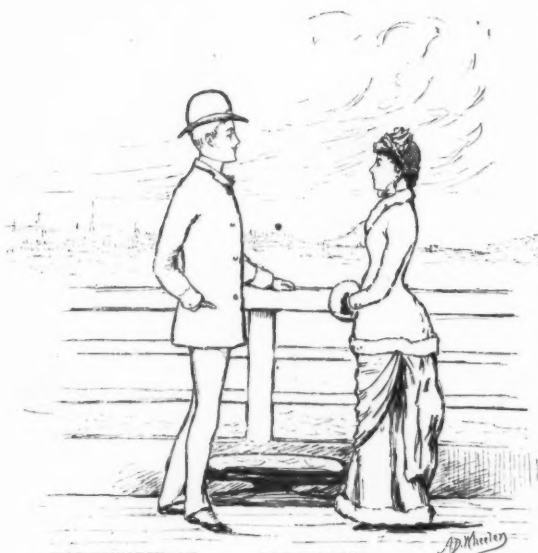
PUTTING it roughly there are about forty thousand young Englishmen "doing" this country at present, and ninety per cent of them are surprised at finding us with no feathers in our hair. This, of course, is a disappointment and excuses to a certain extent their somewhat offensive bearing. Do not be ruffled by their condescension, for they cannot help it. They are so with all "foreigners." It occasionally happens however, that it is absolutely necessary to snub them, and in

such cases do not flatter yourself that a sarcastic remark will produce any effect. Anything like *finesse* is wasted. An American can take a hint, but with a true Briton, and especially the Briton travelling in America, the plainest Anglo-Saxon must be used.

Do not be afraid of hurting his feelings; he left those at home. If you treat him civilly he will take you for a shop-keeper and snub you. This is the fault of his education. At heart he is an excellent fellow, but his heart is in England.







He: I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAD EXTRACTED THE INVITATION TO CALL WITH A CORKSCREW.

She: WELL, I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS YOU DO OTHER THINGS YOU EXTRACT WITH A CORKSCREW.

A CHEST-PROTECTOR—Lock and key.

DOROTHEA.

IT was all long, long ago,
For our heads are white as snow;
And her children! how they grow!
Ah! I wonder do they know?

It all seems so sad and queer—
Ah! a blot made by a tear!
And the story's told, I fear;
So good-bye to—Dorothea?

R. K.

AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN.

Extract from the London Royal Journal, May 2d, 1884.

IT is not generally known in England that almost all American ladies become entirely bald at an early age, and also lose their upper front teeth at the age of 18, but these are well-attested facts, and are the results of the peculiarly unhealthy climate and the wide-spread practice of opium-eating, and in many cases tobacco-chewing. The ladies openly frequent bar-rooms, such as the Hoffman House in 6th Avenue, at all hours. They invariably appear dressed in extremely bad taste, with ugly and plain features, a pretty American woman being indeed a *rara avis*, and wear large silver or gold *vinaigrettes* attached to their belts. These are supposed, by the uninitiated, to contain

smelling-salts, but in reality are filled with liquor, generally rye or Bourbon whiskey. Every fashionable woman carries a pack of cards, gambling for high stakes being all the rage. The clergymen are particularly addicted to this vice. I know of one who lost, in one night, at poker, \$50,000, his entire yearly salary. Most of the American clergy are hard drinkers, many of them own and run race-horses, and are proprietors of distilleries, concert-halls and dime-museums. I have heard of gambling-hells being located in the basements of fashionable churches, and of the same being managed by the church trustees, with the full knowledge of the police. During nearly three weeks which I spent in America I repeatedly saw dice thrown for choice of seats in church, even during services, and the bottle passed from hand to hand in the choir. A peculiar custom obtains there which is met with nowhere else in the civilized world. Although the wealthy class are pew-owners and pay the ministers immense salaries, they rarely enter a church, but fill their pews with persons who are hired for the purpose; worshipping by proxy, as it were.

The houses of the rich have regular bar-rooms, with bar-tenders, and whiskey is drunk at every meal, especially at breakfast, with mince-pie. Babies are frequently weaned upon applejack, which is made in immense quantities at Hoboken, the capital of New Jersey.

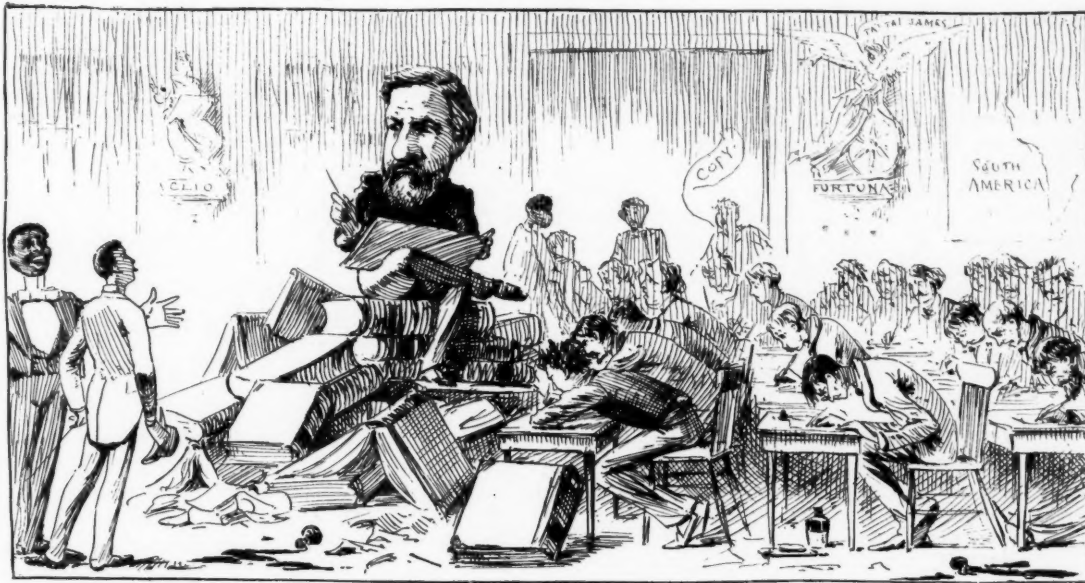
Cocking-mains form a regular feature of the "afternoon teas," so called, at which ladies congregate to imbibe mixed liquors and smoke cigarettes, while in the country towns the "sewing circle," ostensibly a religious order, is but the pretext for the most depraved orgies, and furnishes a fitting illustration of the depth to which the people have sunk.

The women have but little education, few being able to read or write; are completely under the domination of their husbands and appear broken in spirit and weak in mind, wife-beating being in high life a frequent occurrence.

The New York ladies have extremely large feet, are greatly troubled with corns, and walk with a very ungraceful carriage. They are very fond of prize fights which are of daily occurrence and to which they throng in great numbers. They also attend all the public hangings and whippings in Union Square. Their boasted liberty has degenerated from the noble ideal of their English forefathers into vulgar license, the young girls wandering about at night unattended, sometimes in male costume, to the concert halls and dives on the Battery, and the young men indulging in wildest excesses—smashing lamps, robbing hen-roosts and clothes-lines in mere malicious mischief, and knocking down and clubbing inoffensive policemen into a senseless condition, even fracturing their skulls in some cases.

The press of the country is debased, mercenary, and weak—especially the comic papers which are but pitiful imitations of *Punch*, which, by the way, has an immense circulation in America, and is the source of all their humor.

HON. D. LUSHINGTON CODDER, M. P.



MR. JAMES G. BLAINE ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

ON Sunday last your correspondent went to Washington to interview the Maine statesman on the coming campaign, and found him hard at work on the second volume of his historical boom, writing with both hands, steadying his manuscript with his chin, and at the same time dictating a few dozen extra chapters to a like number of stenographers. After much conversation on such abstruse topics as the weather, and the effects of sunstroke on a man's political prospects, I asked Mr. Blaine what he thought of the political situation.

"I have n't any," he replied.

"Have n't any what?" said I.

"Any political situation. I have several ex-situations, however, and plenty of status, but for the present I am out of politics." Here the speaker winked at a bust of Fortune over the door. "You see," he continued, "I'm too busy on my book to dip into politics. By-the-way, who are the candidates this year? I'm very ignorant on the subject, you know, as I never read the papers."

"Well," said I, "they're substantially the same as the last time."

"Who's this Tariff I hear so much about?"

"Well, Mr. Blaine, that's one of those things no fellow can find out. Gen. Hancock says he's a local issue," said I.

"Sort of John L. Sullivan in the political arena? Now, my idea on the Presidency is that some quiet, inoffensive sort of person like myself should be chosen. Of course I would not consent to my name being seriously thought of in the Convention. *That's not the way to get into the White House.* So I'm just working along quietly on my little book. I'm going to give in full the history of those Mulligan Letters and my South American policy."

"Yes, Mr. Blaine, in the event of your running for the Presidency, many would like to thoroughly understand those little matters."

"I think so. And then the young men in politics will find the chapter I'm writing on how to go to Congress without a cent, get a salary of \$5,000 per annum, spend \$15,000 per annum, and

*James G. Blaine
has written a book
on the subject of
the Presidency
and the Tariff
and the
Mulligan Letters
and the
South American
policy.*

FIG. 1.

retire with several millions of dollars in hard cash, not to mention Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad bonds, and other insecurities to a large amount, very interesting indeed."

"Who will you take for a model, Mr. Blaine?"

"Modesty, sir, forbids me to go further."

This was so pointed that I immediately changed the subject, and remarked that I had seen it reported that Gail Hamilton wrote his book.

"That's a natural mistake," said Mr. Blaine. "You see, those politicians I've shown up in my book feel as if they'd been struck by a cross between a blizzard and a cyclone, so they attribute it to Gail!" Here the great historian paused to laugh heartily at his witticism. As soon as the paroxysm ceased he continued: "Do you see this manuscript page?" showing Figure 1.

"That," said he, "is the way the matter leaves me. It is sent to the printer, and he sends it back in this form," showing Figure 2.

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FIG. II.

"This second, or page-proof, is sent to Gail Hamilton to revise, as I am entirely too busy to attend to it. She makes sense out of it, and that's how this misunderstanding has arisen."

"I understand," said I, making ready to take my departure. "Before I go, Mr. Blaine, I would like to ask what policy you would pursue if the Presidency were forced upon you?"

"Well, if I were compelled to accept the position, I would take the first year to get my hand in, and would hardly move from the line of my predecessor. In the second year I'd monkey with the Interior Department, and would give those poor Indians, for whom my heart bleeds, more whiskey and guns, so as to give 'em a better chance to fight their oppressors; I'd hang every Mexican caught in Texas, and let every Texan who got caught in Mexico go the way of all flesh. We must be equitable with the Mexicans. For my foreign policy I'd take time. Bill Chandler should go to Germany to look after Bismarck. He's about as short on manners, you know, as the old Chancellor himself. Schurz, being a German, should go to Paris. O'Donovan Rossa and Richelieu Robinson should be our Missionaries to the Russian and English courts. I'd appoint John Kelli as Minister to his native land, Italy, and Henry Bergh could gratify his inordinate love of bull-fights as Minister to Spain.

"By the time I'd get to my third year my vigorous foreign policy would be ready for work. In my third year I'd insist upon a marriage between the Pope and Queen Victoria. I'd instruct Chandler to conciliate the Kaiser and Bismarck by giving a grand dinner, at which nothing but American pork should be served. Yes," thundered the ex-Secretary, "I'd get the

American hog in Berlin if I had to start a new national debt to pay corkage on it. You see, by my vigorousness I'd be in a muss with all Europe. Asia, Africa, South America, and Boston would be treated in the same manner, so that by my fourth year every known nation in the world would be at my feet, armed to the teeth, and ready to remove the United States from the face of the earth."

"That's the quiet kind of an inoffensive President I'd be," said Mr. Blaine.

"Yes, but what would become of the country in the fifth year after your election?"

"To Texas with the country in the fifth year. *I would n't be President then!*"

Mr. Blaine was called away at this point to kiss a little colored baby in the hall, and your correspondent withdrew.

I think that this country, with Mr. Blaine as President, would have almost as good a time as the parrot and monkey are reported as having when enjoying each other's undivided attention.

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TILDEN would be a stronger candidate than President. Edmunds would be a stronger President than candidate.

A BOOK-REST—Vacation.



THE TICKET SPECULATOR.

AN OFFENSIVE PLANT, AND SO HARD FOR THE MANAGERS TO GET RID OF.

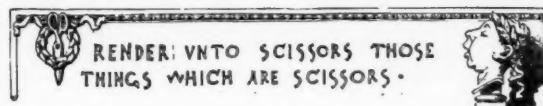
A RAP AT ROYALTY.

WHEN the editor of an influential English journal, who is also a member of Parliament, favors his readers with a tid-bit like the following, his fellow-countrymen must feel they have something to think about. The following calculations with comments thereon are by Henry Labouchere, and it comes as near a slap in the face for the Royal family, as it is possible to administer in printer's ink :

"Our interference in Egypt has cost us in round figures £5,000,000. This invested in consols would give £150,000 per annum. At one penny per meal this sum would enable 86,666 children to have a meal on 300 days of each year forever. The royal family costs, all told, about £1,000,000 per annum. This would give a meal to 600,000 children on 300 days of the year. Heaven forbid that I should say that it would be better that 600,000 children should have a good meal every day that they attend school than that we should enjoy the blessings of royalty. I am not so lost to all sense of the fitness of things as even to suggest such a heresy. I merely state a statistical fact."

THE boom booms loud, and the boom booms clear,
And the boom goes off with a bang,
And the boomiest boom of all, my dear,
Is never a boomerang.

Would sucking a lemon be called an assiduous task ?
No, but a man's taste may be Vichy-ated by drink-
ing mineral water.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

HE.

I WISH to speak with Tom, dear,
About the great campaign,
And when the curtain rises, love,
I'll sure be back again.

SHE.

Be sure and eat some cloves, love,
With the friend you're going to see ;
For wherever there's a Tom, sweet,
A Jerry's sure to be. — *Lehigh Burr.*

"I AM thinking of getting a new piece," said Buskin, the sensational actor, to Quill, the critic ; "what can you suggest ?"
And he was not at all pleased when the other answered that perhaps a new headpiece would be the best thing for him. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE SAME OLD STORY.

One morning in the spring of 1791, General Washington hopped out of bed and began to rummage in the wardrobe.
"What are you seeking, George, dear ?" queried Mrs. Washington.
"Why, those light trousers of mine," said the Father of his Country, a little testily.
"They are on the mantelpiece, my dearest," said Mrs. Washington, slyly.
"On the mantelpiece !" repeated George. "You are mistaken ; I do not see them."
"Oh, yes, they are—in substance, at least," returned the Ma of her Country, with a gurgle of laughter. "I traded them off for those lovely blue vases and that red match-box."
With a groan of despair George Washington covered his nakedness with his old winter clothes, and went out into the hot, hot world. — *Hatchet.*

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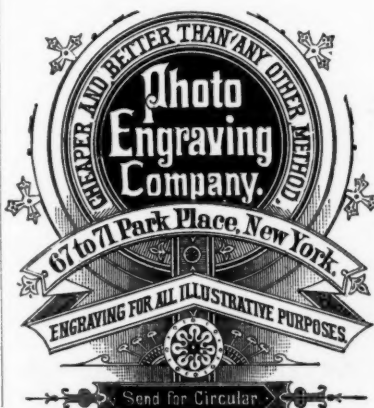
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—*Burlington Free Press*.

"YA'AS," said young Smythe, "I suppose every-
thing created has some use, but 'pon me honah it's
deuced hard to believe it, do n't cher know?"

"Yes," replied the young lady, looking him over
intelligently, "it is, indeed."—*Free Press*.

"EVERYBODY must grow old, you know," said Mrs.
Bass to her husband, who had been remarking upon
the rapid ageing of one of Mrs. B.'s dear friends. "Not
everybody, dear," replied Bass; "everybody who
lives long enough, you mean," adding, pathetically,
"I should grieve to think that my sweet wife would
ever grow old." It is whispered that the Besses are
not living on the best of terms just now.—*The Trans-
script*.

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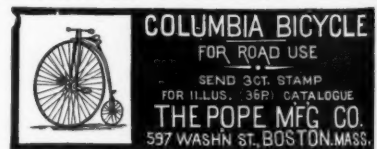
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